

# OREGON'S FOOTBALL STAR KICKS EIGHT FIELD GOALS PREPARING FOR HARVARD

East vs. West Game To-Morrow Will Put Eddie Casey to Supreme Test—Rival Eleveners Are on Edge—Crimson's Weight Isn't Worrying Western Coaches Who are Rooting for Wet Field.

By Robert Edgren.

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(This New York Evening World)

PASADENA, Cal., Dec. 31.

THIS football town is filled to-day with visitors from Eastern States and up and down the Pacific Coast, gathered for the Tournament of Roses and the great Harvard-Oregon game to-morrow. There is a strong feeling of rivalry between East and West. Just how strong is shown by the scores of applications from Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania and other Eastern college men for seats in the two big sections reserved for Harvard. For once in football history Harvard's rivals will root their heads off for the Crimson.

I was talking with a Dartmouth man, "Sure," he said, "at home I go to every Yale-Harvard and Princeton-Harvard game, and I'm always rooting against the Cambridge team. It's going to feel funny to be up there cheering for the fellows who've always rubbed it into us. But after beating Brown and Pennsylvania, these Western boys think we don't know how to play football in the West. We've got to show them this time."

WILL MEET OREGON AT ITS OWN GAME.

Both Harvard and Oregon took their training yesterday, and Bill Hayward and Popo Donovan say their teams couldn't be in better shape. There is no list of cripples. Both teams have had a good rest and the workouts have been fairly light.

Yesterday Bob Fisher announced that Harvard will meet Oregon at its own game. Harvard has heard a lot about Bill Steers's 70-yard alpine and Manarude's miraculous drop kicking. Consequently Bob Fisher has had the Harvard top artists out three-quarters of an hour before the rest of the Crimson bunch, coached by Eddie Mahan himself, and Horween, Murray, Humphrey and Felton booted the ball all over the lot.

The workout rosters have been drawn for rain and a wet field, in spite of the superior weight of Harvard's line. Both coaches, Bob Fisher and Sny Huntington, are particularly anxious about giving out exact weight figures, but the latest estimate is that Oregon's team will run close to 176 pounds per man, and Harvard will average ten pounds more. Harvard's weight is in the line. Oregon's backs are bigger and heavier than the Crimson bunch, but not lacking in speed. It's admitted that Eddie Casey is probably the fastest man in the world on a dry field. But Bill Steers of Oregon isn't so slow himself, and they say he can run faster in soggy going than on hard ground. They have plenty of rain up his way.

LOOK FOR "STUNTS" BY OREGON BILL.

The eyes of the crowd will be on Casey and Steers. Oregon Bill has been performing circus stunts in training. Yesterday, as on previous days, he tried eight field goal kicks from the forty-yard line, and put every one over the bar for a goal. He also threw a few forward passes. He heaves the pigskin in the way Hecuba used to throw a baseball.

The goal posts, by the way, have been changed at Harvard's demand. On the Coast they place the posts about six feet behind the goal line, with an overhanging structure supporting the crossbar and upper posts directly over the line. Harvard pointed out that the rules say the posts shall be on the line, and new posts were put up.

Out here they call the Harvard line the "wrecking crew." It looks the part. The big Crimson players look up like Old Baldy, whose snow-covered top looks down over Pasadena's orange groves, just as you see it on the postcards.

Every man on the Oregon team is a native born son and all are from the tall timber land in the northern part of the State. Fifteen men of the new directors.

Representatives of five leading colleges took the first step yesterday to work making aviation a college sport, by organizing at a meeting at the American Flying Club, the Intercollegiate Flying Association.

Tentative plans were made for the first competition—a cross-country race, on May 8. It will be run under American Flying Club rules, over a course to be selected later. This first flight probably will require stops at all the colleges in the association.

Three entries will be permitted each college. The flyers must be under-

graduates. A number of organizations have promised trophies for the winners of competitions.

The individual organizations represented at yesterday's meeting, with their delegates, were: Yale Aero Club, Juan Trippe, President; Aero Club of Columbia, Ronald Craigmyre, Lee B. Land and Capt. Edward L. Smith; Princeton Aero Club, Preston L. Sutphen; Harvard Aeronautical Society, Leonard E. Thomas, W. V. Daugherty and Donald R. Carney; Williams Aero Club, R. Kenneth Perry.

Leonard E. Thomas of Harvard was elected President; Donald Craigmyre of Columbia, Vice President; R. Kenneth Perry of Williams, Secretary; and Juan Trippe of Yale, Treasurer.

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## 98-CENT TOY PIANO HELPED NEGRO GIRL TO BECOME ARTIST

Ethel Richardson Chosen as One of Eight Best in Competition With Forty.

Mrs. Ethel Richardson of No. 49 Lexington Avenue, Montclair, N. J., a colored girl, who was among the eight best pianists chosen on Monday by H. O. Caspary of the Musical Courier and W. H. Murry of the Musical Monitor from forty players, following a series of high class concerts given in the First Regiment Armory, Newark, told a reporter yesterday the story of her musical career.

"The first instrument I ever played on," she said, "was a toy piano that cost 98 cents. It was given to me by an aunt for a Christmas present when I was three years old, and I seemed to know by instinct how to pick out tunes on the one octave of its keyboard. When I grew a little older, my aunt allowed me to play on her real piano, and very soon I was drumming out all the airs of all the hurdy-gurdies that ever came to town."

"I began to take lessons when I was five, but did not take them regularly. When I was a few years older my father's employer one day happened to hear me play, and was so pleased that he offered to give me lessons by an experienced teacher. He and others who were interested in music paid for my lessons for two years, until I was ready to enter the Institute of Musical Art in New York City."

"I will play you the first movement of Beethoven's 'Sonata Appassionata,'" said the little musician, seating herself at the piano. "That is what I played for Mr. Ganz, who was one of the judges in the final selection. When I finished, she said to me to mean a religious passion," said Miss Richardson, when she had finished. She played the theme again. In the beginning it sounds like a strain of comfort. "Never fear," Listen to the turmoil of these chords. Here again it changes to the major key of hopefulness."

"Besides studying music, did you spend much of your time in school?" Miss Richardson was asked. "I have had only three years of high school, and then I dropped out. My mother died at the end of my second year, and I found it impossible to practice my music, keep house for my father and go to school, all at the same time. So I had to go to night school, which I attended only one year."

But she shook her head. "Thank God—no," she said fervently. "An instant later she added with a slight confusion, as if confessing to a secret, but in the effort to be utterly frank with him:

"I thought I heard something once though. . . . I felt that she was laughing at me, and then suddenly, I seemed to hear a queer, soft laugh—running up a little scale and stopping short—it was more in my mind than I heard it in the air. . . . It was the way one remembers a bit of music."

She looked at him anxiously, trying to make out whether he understood. "I know, though," she ended, "whether it was with my mind or—really that I heard it—I know that she was there—and laughing." All at once she caught his arm, and he said, "I don't know if it's the most heart-breaking desperation, cried to him: 'If you think me mad, I shall think so too.' And then she looked at him with her hands in his and held them firmly. They were wet and cold as ice."

"Listen," he said, his eyes on her, "if we are to be good friends, we must trust each other absolutely; we must be absolutely frank with each other. How can you tell me that you are mad, if you don't know what you are about?" "Remember this, please—no madman ever yet thought that he was mad. If you were mad, and here he was, looking at her, he would be mad. Her eyes closed again for a few seconds, and then gently drawing her hands from his, she whispered: "You are very good to me, and—very patient. I think you know what I feel."

"Yes, I think I do," he said. "And your beautiful personality makes you feel much more than there's any cause for."

"No," she returned, and now she smiled. "I don't think it was rather a little effort, if we are to be good comrades, absolutely frank with each other; you must admit that I couldn't feel too grateful. Why? Because I showed her, how the loveless, illumined look, 'you found me wandering alone in a black wilderness—when you held out your hand to me, I knew I have lost it.' She said, 'I'm so glad to see you. The darkness isn't so dark.' And rising quickly, she turned towards the iron-rook."

"Come," she said in another tone. "I want to know what you will feel when you are in that house, when that portrait is there before you. They climbed the steps and entered the long hall."

CHAPTER V.

It was indeed "there before him"—a simply the most extraordinary remembrance of a woman he had ever seen.

That first prolonged stare of his held no criticism—he was merely taking in the incredible crimson of the hair, so soverely shining above the low forehead and the intense malicious sweetness given to the side-long eyes by the almost Chinese lift of their eyelids toward the temples.

presently, recovering a more dispassionate sense, he saw that the face was rather short, a trifle angular, with a queer, charming mouth, which he felt sure the painter had tried to beautify by making too small for the chin and neck so deeply into its rounded under-lip. "Where the bee sucked there suck I," this mouth might have described itself. It looked, though, he if it had sucked sweetness from many another thing than flowers—strange, rarer and more subtle—things thought, fantasy, day-dreams, yearning, surmises, the dark romance of death. There was a sort of pervence, occult green

## The Ghost Garden

By Amelie Rives  
(Princess Troubetzkoy)

In the Shadows of a Haunted Garden in Old Virginia a Man and a Maid Meet and Love. Between Them Comes the Hand of a Ghost—a Beautiful Woman, Dead a Hundred Years, but Who Still Moves and Loves To-Day.

THE EVENING WORLD OFFERS A NEW BOOK IN SERIAL FORM EVERY TWO WEEKS.

Copyright, 1919, by Amelie Troubetzkoy.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A young Northerner, in spending a holiday in Virginia, on a morning trip to take him to "Her Wish," a mysterious haunted house, where a beautiful girl, Melany Howard, had died a hundred years before. The house seems to have a strange influence over him. He is drawn to the house of Mr. Radford, a Englishman, and meets Melany, the daughter, the mistress that she too feels the presence of the ghost, and draws to power over her.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

"I DIDN'T speak of it because I was afraid to speak," she said slowly. "You are the only one I ever knew who wouldn't have thought me mad."

Radford replied, his voice shaking a little: "Tell me how I can help you."

"Ah," she sighed, her eyes turning to him in a pleading appeal, "tell you how, I can only feel that you will."

He hesitated an instant before answering. "You think I shall have power to . . . To—do as one might say—ward her off?"

"To protect her," the girl corrected softly. "You feel one wouldn't be strong enough to . . . well—to dominate her."

Melany gave a sort of moan. "Oh, you don't dream how terribly strong she is!"

"You really feel it to that extent?" he murmured. "As if she were a dark power?"

"She is all will . . . a relentless, implacable will!"

"But," began Radford, and he did not finish his sentence until she said urgently: "Go on—go on. . . . You may say anything you like—anything."

"Then—hasn't she," the young man's voice was very low, modulated to the tragic allusion he was about to make, "has she already satisfied this will . . . in regard to you?"

"She accepted it as the kind cruelty of a surgeon's knife without wincing, but her face went white."

"You mean—when she took away my voice?"

"Then," he nodded, with the most extraordinary mingling of scorn and dread, she replied: "Not. She is the daughter of the high school, and she replied: 'My mother died at the end of my second year, and I found it impossible to practice my music, keep house for my father and go to school, all at the same time. So I had to go to night school, which I attended only one year.'

"All—if she can," said Melany. "If you can't help me—all—everything."

"Have you ever," he asked, "seen anything?"

But she shook her head. "Thank God—no," she said fervently. "An instant later she added with a slight confusion, as if confessing to a secret, but in the effort to be utterly frank with him:

"I thought I heard something once though. . . . I felt that she was laughing at me, and then suddenly, I seemed to hear a queer, soft laugh—running up a little scale and stopping short—it was more in my mind than I heard it in the air. . . . It was the way one remembers a bit of music."

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together, and with her face bent down whispered: "I am afraid . . . I am afraid to love you."

"Oh, my own!" he cried, and drew her back into his arms. But now she resisted him. "Don't keep me," she said, "I must tell you. I must tell you first."

"At least your hand then," he smiled. "Let me keep that much of you—for the present. What do you want?" he continued, as she did not speak, "Are you afraid?"

She left her hand in his, and he drew off her glove, murmuring: "How cold this poor little hand is! Perhaps you'd better wait to tell me till we get back."

She seemed not to hear him, not to realize that he was kissing and fondling the hand she had yielded him. "I had a dreadful dream last night," she at last brought out, shuddering. "It was a dream—but more than a dream."

(To Be Continued.)

CASE AS JERSEY'S ACTING GOVERNOR

Republican Legislators Map Out Programme and May Vote for Wet Laws.

TRENTON, Dec. 31.—Clarence H. Case, President of the Incoming New Jersey Senate, will become Acting Governor from the time the Senate organizes, Jan. 13, until Gov.-elect Edwards is inaugurated a week later. Republicans elected last fall to the Senate and Assembly met this afternoon at the call of Acting Gov. Runyon to receive the report of the Republican Joint Conference Committee, which has been in session several weeks. This report embodied the proposed Republican legislative programme, including Prohibition, Woman Suffrage and public utilities questions.

In view of the victory of Gov.-elect Edwards on a "wet" platform, it is believed the Republicans will be inclined to the "wet" side.

The party's platform declares for a referendum on Woman Suffrage and is binding upon all except those otherwise pledged before the primaries. It is possible that enough Republicans may vote with the Democrats to pass the resolution immediately ratifying the Suffrage Amendment.

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CONCERTS AND MUSIC.

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Carnegie Hall, 7th Ave. & 57th St.

Gala Holiday Concert

AT POPULAR PRICES.

ARNOLD VOLPE

AND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ANNA FITZIU SOPRANO

ANDER SEGUROLA BARitone

RAMUEL GARDNER VIOLINIST

In a Wonderful Programme.

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